

THE ACADEMY

WITH WHICH ARE INCORPORATED LITERATURE AND THE ENGLISH REVIEW

Edited by LORD ALFRED BRUCE DOUGLAS

No. 1955

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LIFE AND LETTERS

Here are a few plain words from the Duke of Montrose:—

Mr. Lloyd George at Newcastle posed as a ram-paging Socialist lion encouraging his audience to revolution, but in the House of Commons he cooed like a sucking dove. Mr. Lloyd George dared not make the speech that he made at Newcastle in the House of Commons nor on any platform where the people he maligned could contradict his statements. Mr. Churchill went one better in invective. He was such a puritan that one would think he took his daily chop and his glass of ale in company with Mr. Keir Hardie or Mr. Victor Grayson at the nearest public-house. He abhorred the vulgar luxuries of the rich! But let them take up any fashionable newspaper and they would find that Mr. Churchill dined and supped at a rich hotel, and was so fond of fashionable parties that he even squeezed himself through the exclusive portals of Lord Lansdowne's house.

"Political hypocrites" was his Grace's summing-up of the characters of Mr. Asquith's fearful and wonderful lieutenants. It is severe but just.

We have received the following letter from Mr. Arthur Waugh:—

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY,
63, Lincoln's Inn Fields, W.C.

SIR,—In your issue of October 16 you quote a review from a new publication entitled *The Poetical*, of which you say that it "bristles with unblushing distortions of critical facts," and add, "the notice is signed 'A. W.,' which may or may not mean Arthur Waugh." Allow me to say that in this case it may not mean Arthur Waugh. I had never heard of *The Poetical* till I read your paragraph, nor do I know anything of the book reviewed.—Your obedient servant,
ARTHUR WAUGH.

Our precise words were: "The notice we have quoted is signed 'A. W.,' which may or may not mean Arthur Waugh." That is to say, we had two guesses, and one of them was right. So that on the whole Mr. Arthur Waugh's communication is a trifle superfluous.

In view of our recent strictures regarding certain of his novels, Mr. John Long would appear to have ceased sending us the usual review copies of his publications. This is your outraged publisher all over; but it will not serve Mr. John Long in the least; for we shall still continue to keep a sharp eye on his output, and if at any time he should venture upon the publication of another novel in the manner of "The Yoke" or "The Hazard of the Die," he may depend upon hearing from us. Mr. Long is, unfortunately, not singular in his views as to the nature of the relationship between the publishing trade and a critical journal. Broadly, the view of the publishing trade is that the moment a newspaper takes it upon itself to do its duty by a stupid or doubtful book, that paper must have no further advertisements and no further books for review. Fortunately, THE ACADEMY is in a position to do without both if needs be. And in any case it will never descend to the category of professedly critical journals, which are really little more than "puffing" sheets for the publisher. We do not wish to make odious comparisons, especially where we ourselves are concerned. But we should like the editor of the *Athenæum*, not to mention the editors of the *Spectator*, the *Outlook*, and the *Saturday Review*, to explain to us where they have been and why they have stood aloof while we have fought our battle with Mr. John Long over "The Yoke" and other improper books. Of course, the excellent gentlemen will explain that it is not for them to interfere, and that if they did interfere they would merely be advertising the books concerned. On the other hand, Mr. John Long still continues his advertisements in these journals and doubtless believes in his heart that their editors are exceedingly discreet and pleasant gentlemen. The fact that they have a duty to the public is of no consequence.

Our remarks with regard to a sonnet to Mr. Harry Lauder have moved a reader to the following effusion:—

"Great Harry, tired in no uneasy crown,
Such as the bauble loved and feared of kings,
No puppet thou, dangled on lordly strings,
But circled with a wreath of thistle-down;
Wider than Wallace's is thy renown,
A goodlier furrow hast thou ploughed than Burns,
Making the most of either world by 'turns,'
A bright archangel, though a brighter clown.
How blest to stand as king and fool in one,
To prove the joke indubitably Scotch,
Being applauded and thine own applauder;
Out of thy silence wresting double fun,
As those who serve yet only stand and watch,
More Harry lauded even than Harry Lauder."

Of course we do not profess to applaud such an effort. At the same time it is quite as good as the average "sonnet" which is now being turned out by the elect.

On July 24 last we received the following letter:—

59 and 60, Chancery Lane,
London, W.C.
July 23, 1909.

GENTLEMEN,—The attention of my clients, Messrs. Greening and Co., Ltd., has been drawn to some articles in a paper published by you and called THE

ACADEMY, in the issues of June 12 and 19 last. The part of the article chiefly complained of in the issue of June 12 is the paragraph beginning, "Yet on close examination," and going on to say, "for example, the head and front of one of the religious high-toned houses is a large shareholder in one of the grub along foolish low comedian anything for money houses." That in the issue of June 19 is a paragraph stating that "the bright young man in question is connected with two publishing firms who carry on two different classes of business, for while one firm, in which he is the principal shareholder, is engaged in publishing religious works and translations of various Christian liturgies, the other has gone in chiefly for dubious stories of a highly-spiced character and anything else that will bring grist to the mill without actually compelling the intervention of the police." The latter part (underlined) of both these quotations is evidently intended to refer to my clients. My clients consider the words used are a gross libel on their manner of doing business, and they have instructed me to say that unless you at once agree to sign such an apology as may be acceptable to them, and to pay the costs of insertion of such apology in the *Times* and two newspapers, together with the legal costs of and incidental to such an apology, they will at once institute proceedings against you and will claim substantial damages as compensation.

Yours faithfully,

ED. FITZGERALD.

The Wilsford Press, Ltd.,

63, Lincoln's Inn Fields, W.C.

Needless to say, we have not agreed to sign an apology; nor do we propose to apologise; neither have we inserted an apology in the *Times* or other newspapers. And we are still without Messrs. Greening's writ, though three clear months have passed since they demanded that we should apologise at once. We make no comment. It is worth noting, however, that the E. Fitzgerald who signs the above letter would appear to be the same E. Fitzgerald whose name figures on the record of the Re-Union Magazine, Ltd., at Somerset House, and that Mr. A. E. Manning Foster, who, with Mr. John Long's reader, is responsible for the promotion of the Re-Union Magazine, also happens to be a shareholder in Greening's, and formerly took an active part in the management of the business—doubtless "out of deep religious conviction."

We have received from *Vanity Fair* a slip proof headed "For Busy Editors—Extracts from this week's *Vanity Fair*." As these extracts are presumably for quotation, we take the opportunity to reprint the first six of them.

If this business of living is indeed to be made worth going through, then we must veil our eye from its realities, as the Eastern women veil their faces from the gaze of men.

As a matter of fact, the whole business of living and dying is a very sordid, prosaic thing, taking it all round, but a little imagination can convert it into a Utopian dream.

There are, we fear, a good many dramatic reviewers who carry on an unholy *liaison* with the advertising agent, and the worth of a paper's dramatic criticism may often be judged by the amount of its theatrical advertising.

It is from every point of view unfortunate that the contest is to be a three-cornered one. The issue for each of the parties has been needlessly obscured, and what promised to be a particularly interesting election has lost most of its significance.

It is obvious that, in the present temper of the Liberal party, the question of compromise is not worth discussing, nor can any compromise be imagined which, if reasonably satisfactory to them, would not be almost as damaging to Tariff Reform as the complete measure would be. The simple fact is that both parties stand to lose heavily by any attempt at compromise.

Ferrer was well known as a man fighting hotly and often injudiciously for intellectual freedom, and that is what the Church has never dared yield. Ferrer, too, has "lit a flame that will not soon die out," and if Spain is spurred to throw off the choking clutch of a base and decayed religion he will not have died in vain. Once more religious bigotry and intolerance has overshot its aim, and still another branch of the Church, in seeking to save its life, has probably lost it.

With his own scissors Mr. Harris (or is it Mr. Norman Roe?) goes out of his way to show us what sort of a journal *Vanity Fair* really is. Life from our contemporary's point of view "is a very sordid prosaic thing," and for our part we are inclined to the opinion that "sordid" and "prosaic" are epithets which best fit the paragraphs we have quoted, the first five of them being eminently prosaic, not to say downright flat and unprofitable, and the sixth sordid beyond belief. In view of the fact that our contemporary has been on the mend for some weeks past and is now offering its readers two excellent cartoons each week, as well as a calendar of fashionable doings, it is amazing that paragraphs like the Ferrer paragraph should be allowed to creep in.

Here is Clement Shorter again:—

The firm of Macmillan has given the lie to the emphatic statement that it proposed to discontinue the series of sevenpenny novels by the publication of five more. Not being a novelist of the hour, I am very glad of the decision. It is good to be able to beguile a railway journey with pleasant little volumes of this kind, neatly bound, well printed—Mr. Marion Crawford's best novel, "A Cigarette-maker's Romance," Mr. Clark Russell's "Strange Elopement," and Miss Rhoda Broughton's "Nancy," for example.

The firm of Macmillan is an excellent firm, and though we have never troubled ourselves with Macmillan's sevenpenny reprints—or, for that matter, anybody else's—we are not sorry to know that their publication is being continued. But why such tragical language, Mr. Shorter? A person who would give anybody the lie about a sevenpenny reprint is surely an ass.

A full length, brand-new novel for a shilling will no doubt delight the inner bosom of parsimonious Bayswater. In any case, Messrs. Stanley Paul and Co. are about to publish such a novel "as an experiment." It is true that the author is merely Mr. William Le Queux, and consequently the results may not prove much that will be useful. For our own part we should hold to the opinion that new shilling novels are impossible from the author's point of view. If Mr. Stanley Paul can assure us that an author is going to get anything like adequate or reasonable payment out of his work when he publishes a new full-length novel for a shilling we shall be glad, but we doubt it. It is not often that we go out of our way to praise a publishing firm, but while we are writing of Messrs. Stanley Paul and

Co. we may congratulate them upon the fact that they appear to have steadfastly set their faces against indecent or doubtful fiction. They are a young firm, but already they are doing one of the biggest publishing businesses in London, which goes to show that pornography is not essential to success. Mr. William Le Queux is not the kind of novelist for whom we can profess any respect. But we would rather see a hundred thousand persons reading Mr. Le Queux—terrible as the vision might appear to us—than one person reading Mr. Hubert Wales.

The following correspondence speaks for itself:—

October 12, 1909.

DEAR SIR,—We beg to inform you that, commencing with the issue of November 4, *The New Age* will be enlarged and the price will be 3d. We therefore beg to notify you that in consequence of this increased price your present subscription will expire with the issue dated February 3, 1910.—Yours faithfully,

p.p. The New Age Press, Ltd.

F. PALMER, Manager.

DEAR SIR,—And I beg to inform you, in reply to your memorandum of October 12, that, having accepted my subscription until June, 1910, if you cause it to "expire" earlier, you will be sued by me for breach of contract.—Yours faithfully,

October 18, 1909.

DEAR SIR,—We are in receipt of your favour of the 16th inst., and we beg to inform you that we have no desire to cause you to go to law over the question of your subscription. We fully intended that in cases like yours we should fulfil our contract to the letter.—Yours faithfully,

p.p. The New Age Press, Ltd.

F. PALMER, Manager.

It would be interesting to know what *The New Age* proposes to do in cases which are not "like yours." Also, who in the name of thunder is going to give threepence for *The New Age*.

We have received the following paragraph from Messrs. Dent:—

The quest for originality in art or literature ends for the most part in failure. Works that pretend to this quality are too often simply derivations in disguise, or unintelligible monstrosities. In issuing "A Book of Whimsies," however, Messrs. J. M. Dent and Sons, Ltd., are confident that its reception will justify their claim to have discovered what must, in the process of time if not immediately, be acknowledged as the most fantastic and truly original book of humour since "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland." With this superlative the comparison is at an end, for the whole reception of the two books is totally dissimilar. "A Book of Whimsies" is not primarily, perhaps, a book of humour at all. Its appeal is personal, subjective, based on a definite, though elusive, philosophic vision, and presenting an attitude towards actual life so sanely odd, so brilliantly naive, as to give a shock to the reader's intellect, as well as to his sense of the grotesque. As for the twelve pictures—one for each whimsy—which are reproduced in the colours of the originals, they are not so much additions, illustrative of the text, as an essential complement to it. The book has, in short, grown a single unity in the minds of its authors, Geoffrey Whitworth and Keith Henderson, and the result is a volume which should achieve an unique place in the records of pictorial and literary collaboration.

We shall refer again to this matter after Messrs. J. M. Dent have published "Whimsies."

L'ECCLÉSIASTE

(From Leconte de Lisle.)

Better a living dog—the Preacher's cry—

Than a dead lion. As a shade, a breath,

All things are vain, and the world withereth

And all the grave is filled with vanity;

And where, a promontory in the sky,

The summit of his tower reared its height

His eyes have oversoared the ancient night,

Silent, upon a throne of ivory.

How vain the tale, old amorist of the sun,

Of Death "the be-all and the end-all." None

Can lose himself within it utterly,

For I forever, at perennial strife

With fears and fervours of the eternal life,

Hear the long wail of immortality.

WITH FAIR, WIDE MARGINS

The tall man, who stooped ever so slightly, and whose dark eyes peered through glasses, spoke to the bookseller, demanding a certain classic; the fellow became attentive. "Any particular edition, sir?" inquired he.

The customer's answering voice grew portentous in its solemnity, the involuntary, infinitesimal, occasional inclination became a pronounced defect.

"The one with the widest margins," confided he.

Most of us are in spirit the sworn brethren of this bibliophile; albeit there are some, connoisseurs of first editions, ravening devourers of rarities, preservers of uncut pages, who would cry out upon us for iconoclasts. To these their printed pages lose the full half of their wonder; for a book that must not be sullied is but a chastened joy, even as a book that is borrowed, and must in season depart from the shelves that have rejoiced to harbour it.

The marking of a book, in truthful prosaism, is but the covering of a fair white page with unsightly pencil-marks, and the one legitimate incitement thereto is the constraint of an overpowering desire. To the man who commentates, single-eyed, regarding only his own good pleasure, even your bibliomaniac may extend his clemency; for of these are the marginalists of genius, whose dog's-eared, scrabbled volumes command the reverence of auction rooms.

So material an end is but a sorry reward of a most intangible action; and if we set our hope upon any such mundane achievement, we may be assured that our ideal is no more than a false eidolon; for the proper understanding of whose futility, it is only necessary that we should seek out some book whose notes in our own hand are of youthful date. Impassioned appreciation of some purple passage fronts us pitilessly, in all its unblushing infinitude of foolishness; with shamefast scorn we are fain to deny the authorship of this virtuous digression, of that platitudinous piece of wisdom. We would give much for the privilege of half-an-hour's talk with this cocksure

youngster, that we might wither him with our sarcasm, or mildly insinuate, from the white heights of our present infallible wisdom, the unreasonable folly of his ways.

This fond aspiration, duly considered in a cruel daylight mood, recedes into the region of glorious impossibilities; for this unwise critic is forever fled from us into the region of our forgotten identities; leaving nothing tangible as token of his unbelievable existence, save these indiscretions which we are now seeking, not altogether vainly, to eradicate with breadcrumb and india-rubber.

Nathless, like warnings will never deter any one of us from the perilous joy of margin-defiling. To the new book belongs the easy chair, the pointed pencil, the critical mind—(save in the rare case of unbridled enthusiasm for some newly encountered masterpiece). Are not these four things, in the sight of every true booklover, one and inseparable?

There are many false palliations, alien utterly to the one true excuse of personal delight, which serve to stimulate the demand for lead pencils; none of whose apologists dare face upstanding the challenging wherefore. Most honourable of these delinquents is he who marks for instruction; making laborious preparation for that so problematical time when he shall desire to come hastily upon the salient passages of the work. Whether from laziness, or spurred by a too rigid sense of economy, he takes his pages for his notebook; for all his pains, this man is but a simpleton; who perceives neither the true end of reading, nor the indubitable pleasures of note-making; towards him we point but a momentary accusing finger. Yet there remains a third, for whom steadfastly let us conserve the vials of our wrath: he who marks vaingloriously.

This man is not uncommonly a mere phonograph or duplicating-machine for recording and uttering forth to a greedily expectant world the casually uttered opinions of other folk. These he will retail as original and solemn profundities; he is veritably a parasite upon the fair tree of literature.

He writes epigrams upon his pet chapter-headings, and defaces blank half-pages with snippets of superfluous criticism; inspired, enthralled the while by a shadowy hope that some day, some one, reading at hazard, may proclaim the note-taker to be a great man. Nay, more than this; that, long after, in the inevitable just order of events, he is become a notability, and the desired of dinner-parties, some ghoul of literature, labouring in his customary fashion among the dusty by-ways and deserted courts of the House of Fame, will surely disinter this copy of Lamb's Essays, that fusty Plutarch, and will joyously publish a new edition forthwith—annotated by Xerxes Smith. So Xerxes, offering incense at the grateful shrine of his own vanity, lifts up his small, shrivelled heart, and bestirs his pencil.

True it is that, or ever his annotated edition braves the cold light of a publisher's office, the great one shall have ceased to pour upon the little people (with whom so lately he was yoke-fellow) the effulgence of his accumulated wisdom, shall have tumbled from his unsteady pinnacle into a dusty grave; not for this or any kindred reflection shall he subdue the ravages of his pencil; nor is he the first nonentity that has comforted the grey oblivion of his days with melancholy visions of posthumous fame.

It is with a quite pitiable infrequency that marginal notes amount to anything more than unnecessary remarks. Aforetime, books were printed beautifully, and in no great

number, and folk had both opportunity and inclination to savour slowly each work they read; for the tyrannous domination of evening editions and little paragraphs was not yet impending. In these decadent days, when we have given even so much thought to an author as goes to the making of a marginal note, we make haste to adorn it with clear type and even spacing, and to offer it to some editor, hungering for its like. So unfailing is the appetite of this universal editor, that if our veriest impertinence of criticism fails to get itself recorded somewhere, it augurs ill for our common business capacity.

Certes, to confine our marginal notes to our note-books is humanely to permit our crowded volumes to retain unspoiled the dreamy peacefulness of their existence. Assuredly, many of the notes which all of us have sometime compelled them to hug between outraged covers must have caused their unhappy authors to wriggle in their rest. Besides—and herein perhaps, lies the true solution of the undoubted decline in marginal note-making—our modern degenerate books have their margins over-narrow. There is scarce one wide enough for even a spiced epigram. Alas! for the forspent breadth and leisure.

REVIEWS

THE LOGOS

The Philosophy of the Fourth Gospel. By REV. J. S. JOHNSTON. (London: S.P.C.K. 2s. 6d.)

The Patriarchate of Jerusalem. By Archdeacon DOWLING, D.D. (London: S.P.C.K. 1s. 6d.)

Present Controversy on Prayer. By F. R. MONTGOMERY HITCHCOCK, B.D. (London: S.P.C.K. 2s.)

Life as Service. By CANON HENRY LEWIS, M.A. (London: S.P.C.K. 2s.)

MR. JOHNSTON has succeeded in writing a remarkable book. He has not only supplied us with a careful study of the Logos-Doctrine, but has also given us a true conception of its fundamental significance. When he grasped the fact of the Evangelical being separate and distinct from the Hebraic or Hellenic conceptions of Christian dogma, he fathomed the Johannine meaning. Indeed, the conception of the Logos-Doctrine, as an interpretation of Christ's Divinity, from any other point of view than that of Mr. Johnston's Evangelical point of view, would at once implicate a philosophic and alien conception, such as that which is to be found in the Judaic or Hellenic conceptions of the Logos. Thus, neither the views of Dr. Inge, nor those of the German scholar, Emil Schürer, can merit serious consideration. For how could the Logos-Doctrine of the Evangelist be held to be associated with any ideal, and therefore philosophical, conception of Christian Divinity, when he was one of the Master's own disciples during His Fellowship with man as a man? So, if the possibility existed for the Evangelist to give a hypothetical interpretation of the Logos, which undoubtedly he did when he used the phrase, "In the beginning was the Word," there was no possible form of philosophy to his subsequent dealing with the Word, otherwise his belief in his Lord's teaching, as the Logos which was "in the beginning" (God's Word), would have been a self-contradiction. In other words, the Evangelist would have been supporting that which he was unable to realise, and therefore what he could not and did not believe—a somewhat superfluous task. John, of all the Apostles—and it is significant to notice here that this

man was the bosom disciple of the Christ—is the only one who recognised the dangers of script, and, recognising them, he sought to avoid them. Hence his famous reference to the Christ source of his script, "In the beginning was the Word."

It seems to be entirely overlooked that the Gospels, and therefore the history of Christ, came into existence after the source of those Gospels, and therefore the Logos basis of them, had gone forth from the flesh—that is to say, after Christ was crucified. This is a fact of supreme importance and significance, for from it we gather that the writings of the Apostles—to wit, the New Testament—can only be of any real moment from a point of view of the Book of Genesis. Either we must believe from the Apostolic writings that Christ rose again and joined the Father (Logos) Who was in the beginning (Genesis), or we must believe that there was no Resurrection. There can be no middle course of thought here, since, with us, it is a personal or free choice of transcendence (living with Christ in God), or a personal or free choice of Immanence (living with God in Self—that is, without Christ, and therefore without Fellowship or Son-ship with God). To quibble about the Incarnation and the Resurrection, therefore, simply amounts to a matter, not of Christian relevance, but of Christian irrelevance or selfishness. Here we have the very ground of the Pantheistical Gnosticism or self-conscious subjection to the Cosmos, which constitutes the Deitic or objective form of Jewish theology, the Christian or historic form of Gentile theology, and the Rational negative or Gnosis of pure or originally human philosophy. Mr. Johnston's sound judgment and skilful interpretation of his theme is due to his clear perception of the various anthropomorphic limitations of thought. Thus we find him consistently refuting every covert attempt made to contradict the essentially Catholic form of the Johannine Logos-Doctrine. He tackles and disposes of the mean assertions which would make a sophist, since they would make a philosopher, of the Christian Apostle. He objects strenuously both to Judaic and Hellenic forms of Johannine distortion, and with irresistible logical force. The Hebrew Logos, as a human formula, introduces a negative sense to the script of God. The Hellenic Logos on the other hand, as an abstract of the human formula, is a *reductio ad absurdum*. Thus, in the Logos of Philo, we get the religious Hebrew blend of what Mr. Johnston terms "Platonic Transcendentalism and Stoic Pantheism." The whole purpose of the Johannine Prologue is made clear by the author's exposure of the conditions under which the Fourth Evangelist wrote:—

"It was a time when the din of change was in the air. Jerusalem was in ruins, the Temple was destroyed, all the old land-marks were gone; the Christian Church had now definitely broken with Judaism, the Gospel has left Jewish soil and now boldly flung itself on a strange world; Ephesus had become for a time the headquarters of the Christian Church, and Ephesus was only a stopping-place on the way to Rome. If Christianity was to succeed, or even to survive, it must find some method of making itself understood by the Gentile world. The Judaistic conception of the Messiah could never find a lodgment in Hellenic minds; it was unintelligible, and its Jewish aspect seemed moreover to stamp Christianity as a national and not as a universal religion. What was wanted was a suitable equivalent for Messiah, and a formula which would make Christianity not a national but an imperial religion. Such a formula was the Logos."

Our conclusion from this is that the fact of the Resurrection had created what the fact of the Incarnation (Christ's human existence) could not create—viz., a historic separation of fact. This historic break between

the Divine Immanence and the Divine Transcendence of Christ called for a reconciliation. The Evangelist evidently was the only disciple of the Master who really perceived and overcame the difficulty by a scriptural form of reconciliation. There can be no shadow of doubt about this. The Faith, as Mr. Johnston so pointedly discovers, had to be saved to posterity in a Catholic (the author uses the word imperial) form. In fact, it had to be rescued from Judaic and Hellenic misrepresentation, and, indeed, from all foreign corruption. And it was saved and rescued, and by the very bosom friend and follower of Christ. John, let us remember, had heard the Word spoken from the Flesh, and knew the Word to be still in the Flesh, since it dwelt in the Evangelist's own body; though, as far as the Resurrection was concerned, the Word had since become a matter of Christian Transcendence (Divine as separate from a created or flesh Incarnation). The significance of all this must bear a note of warning to us of the present day, for the crisis in the Faith is a similar crisis, though, because of a thousand independent sources of modification, it has become alarmingly complex. Thus, the Gentile danger of destruction is even more serious than a Judaic or Hellenic destruction, simply because a universal or Catholic destruction of Christianity is threatened, and not merely a philosophic overthrow. Judaic and Hellenic opposition was only attended by peculiar arrest, but a universal check to Christian belief, such as must emanate from a Gentile refutation of it, would be nothing less than fatal to the whole world. The immense value, therefore, of this remarkable work, and it is remarkable in a multiple sense, may be justly appreciated when it is understood, as the author wishes it to be understood, that the Johannine Logos-Doctrine is the Divine basis of Christianity, since it is the Genesis or true Catholic form of interpreting Holy Script. The Fourth Gospel, in point of fact, contains the vital elements of instruction both of the Old and the New Testaments. For upon it rest, not only a Catholic reconciliation between God and Man, but likewise an historic or scriptural reconciliation between the Judaic, Hellenic, and Evangelistic or Primitive forms of Christianity. The importance of Mr. Johnston's book is so stupendous, so far-reaching, so closely exposed, that the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge has cause for great rejoicing on its part, since it may be held to have in its possession the key to the supreme unity of Christendom—the Jewish and Greek Churches included.

Such a prospect should give birth to a widespread interest in Archdeacon Dowling's book on the Patriarchate of Jerusalem, which gives a succinct, if rather a compressed, account of the present-day state of the Patriarchate. The book not only courts one's interest by its careful method and rare material of description, but possesses an additional attraction in the form of an excellent series of illustrations, among which may be mentioned a copy of the famous Madaba Mosaic map.

The pitiful check to Syrian development, which appears to be due to Moslem supremacy, is to be deplored, more so from the fact that a Syrian stimulus within the orthodox Eastern Church can only emanate from a Syrian source of initiative. The Bishop of Salisbury provides a preface to the work, in which the idea is formulated that any prejudice which may still exist with respect to a resident bishop in the Holy City, will be dispelled by evidence of the value of Anglican influence.

Mr. Montgomery Hitchcock's book is a further example of the important ventures of the S.P.C.K., since it may

be said to deal with the personal danger, and, not like Mr. Johnston's book, with the universal danger, which is threatening the destruction of the Christian Faith of to-day. Thus, if the Logos-Doctrine is absolutely necessary to Christian formula, prayer is absolutely necessary to its continuity. For without prayer there can be no subjection to the profession of Christianity.

The objection to prayer, as Mr. Hitchcock discovers, springs from two non-spiritual sources—viz., from Philosophy and Science.

But the very movement of both these principles is to put a negative on that which is by that which is not—to bring chaos rather than order into the spiritual world. Experience does nothing else than prove this. Are we then to go against experience, and surrender our souls, for such chaotic guidance, to Philosophy and Science? There is some hidden force within our human nature, essentially a supplicant force, which is wholly antagonistic to such insidious forms of deception; and it is this supplicant power which depends for its conscious reality in prayer. For prayer, as our author argues, is fundamentally a soul form of desire, and as such it transcends, and therefore cannot be satisfied with or answered by the acquisition of any particular needs. If Mr. Johnston's volume exposes the Christian value of the Logos, Mr. Hitchcock's book, on the other hand, exposes the Christian value of prayer. The two together constitute a very important synopsis of religious instruction. This, however, is not all, for there is still Canon Henry Lewis's book to deal with. Its key is servitude, and at a time when Humanity appears to be so completely the subject of a self-form of servitude, its spiritual or self-sacrificing ground of servitude is alive with momentous issues. Where we have previously dealt with the formation and continuity of the Christian Faith we have here to deal with the very substance of it.

Canon Lewis takes the life of Epictetus as his primary example of moral, as apart from immoral, servitude. This man was but a Roman slave, and a cripple into the bargain. He had no inspiring religious creed to support him. Yet, as Canon Lewis truly says, the man who could look out on life as Epictetus did, was a great man. Could greater wisdom, for instance, be found in your books of philosophy than was uttered by this poor slave and cripple?

"I must die."
 "Must I then die lamenting?"
 "I must be put in chains."
 "Must I then also lament?"
 "I must go into exile."
 "Does any man then hinder me from going with smiles and cheerfulness and contentment?"
 "Tell me the secret which you possess."
 "I will not, for this is in my power."
 "But I will put you in chains."
 "Man, what are you talking about? Me in chains? You may feiter my leg, but my will not even Zeus himself can overpower."
 "I will throw you into prison."
 "My poor body, you mean."
 "I will cut your head off."
 "When, then, have I told you that my head alone cannot be cut off?"

Such wisdom, and from out of the mouth of a slave, may well act as food for thought to your philosophic pedagogue. Canon Lewis, equal to the mission he undertakes, enlarges upon the dangers, not merely of an individual self-servitude, but of a socialistic self-servitude. He is one of the few who can read the signs of the times. For reform, even in the professed humanity of Socialism, is grounded upon material gain rather than material sacrifice. After all, it is not because of any self-sacrifice that Man suffers, but because of the lack of it.

Not the least important of the many chapters in this instructive volume is the one dealing with the menace from modern institutional forces. To expect the State to take upon itself the entire responsibility of the individual, thus leaving him no responsibility whatsoever, is an alarming form of blind policy. Institutionalism is but a poor substitute for a conscious morality. Canon Lewis argues soundly when he says that history has no encouragement for the view that a nation is to be saved by its institutionalism:—

"In Rome it was one of the big causes which brought the decline and break-up of the empire. In France it led to the terrible experiments of the Revolution. In England it is responsible for much that makes thinking people afraid. And it needs no great insight to see that for the next twenty years the personal as against the institutional type of service will have to struggle for existence."

A timely warning, and a safe one, indeed, to come from the Church.

Space hardly permits of any further criticism, but enough has been said to show that we have here an uncommon collection of very important religious works. Works, be it said, that not only deserve, but ought to receive, universal study and consideration.

"DOCTOR DEE"

The Life of John Dee (1527—1608). By CHARLOTTE FELL SMITH. (Constable. 10s. 6d.)

It is indeed remarkable that three hundred years should have passed since John Dee's death without producing a biography of a personage "so conspicuous, so debatable, so remarkably picturesque." Dee, ever since he arranged some mechanism for a performance of the "Peace" of Aristophanes by which Trygaeus was hoisted on his beetle to the Palace of Zeus, has had the advantage—or disadvantage—of being surrounded by a legend. During his lifetime, indeed, his reputation was a disadvantage; then afterwards he was censured as "an old imposturing juggler," a "fanatic quack," and an "invocator of devils." In Dee's preface to Henry Billingsley's "Euclid" (1570) he refers to the popular belief that he was a conjurer, and asks whether a modest Christian philosopher ought, on account of certain marvellous feats, naturally contrived, to be considered "a companion of helhounds?"

Perhaps the most interesting thing in Dee's early career is his remarkable attempt to found a national library of books and MSS. In 1556 he presented to Queen Mary a supplication for the recovery and preservation of ancient writings and monuments. He had seen the monasteries dissolved and their collections dispersed, and he prayed the Queen to take the opportunity of forming a library at a trifling cost. He proposed that a commission should be appointed to inquire what valuable manuscripts existed, and that those reported on favourably should be borrowed and a fair copy made. He himself generously offered his services in procuring copies of MSS. in the great libraries on the Continent. "God knoweth my zeale to honest and true knowledge; for which my flesh and bones should make the marchandize, if the cause required," he wrote to Cecil, and this proposal of his shows that this was no empty boast.

On the accession of Elizabeth, Dee's first commission was to name an auspicious day for the Coronation. Throughout her reign he continued to sue for appointments; but the Queen, though personally friendly to him, and encouraging him in "his studies philosophicall and mathematicall," fed him with promises, and the promised benefice did not fall to him. He was anxious to have a living with no cure of souls attached, for, as he says, "a cura animarum annexa did terrifie me to deal with them."

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Before 1570, he took up his abode at Mortlake. In 1574 we find him writing to Burleigh, praying that the Queen would grant him the right to all treasure trove in the kingdom. He promises Burleigh one-half. "The value," he adds, characteristically, "of a mine is a matter for King's Treasure, but a pott of two or three hundred pounds hid in the ground, wall, or tree, is but the price of a good book, or instrument for perspective astronomy, or some feat of importance."

In 1577 the Court was greatly alarmed by the appearance of a comet, and Dee was summoned to Windsor, where the Queen listened for three days to his discourses. On another occasion, he was hurriedly called in to prevent the mischief to her Majesty's person apprehended from a waxen image of her with a pin stuck in its breast, that had been found in Lincoln's Inn Fields. In 1581 begins the most interesting portion of Dee's life, his experiments in crystal-gazing. On May 25 of that year he enters in his diary, "I had sight in chrystalle offered me, and I saw." Dee's "Book of Mysteries"—a sort of sixteenth-century "Proceedings of the Psychical Society"—is perhaps the earliest attempt to relate consecutive psychic revelations. Soon after this, he became acquainted with a certain Edward Kelley, alias Talbot, a reputed adept in the occult sciences. Kelley had been convicted of forgery, and had lost his ears in the pillory, and to hide his disfigurement he constantly wore a black skull-cap. Dee's naive revelation of the turbulent and unstable character of his "skryer" is an interesting human document. Kelley's own attitude to the communications of the "angels" was, or professed to be, that of scepticism. "Let them give me somewhat profitable to my body, or some wisdom to my mind's behoof, and then I will believe in them," he cries; and a "wicked spirit" assures him that these practices would "never come to any fruitful end," the one prophecy of the angels that was abundantly justified. Dr. Meric Casaubon, who edited Dee's book, calls these spiritual revelations "a sad record" and "a work of darkness," while the biographer of Dee in the "Dictionary of National Biography" condemns them as "such a tissue of blasphemy and absurdity that they might suggest insanity." There seems to be no doubt of the good faith of Dee, who, however, was not a principal in the matter; he merely wrote down the revelation his "skryer" dictated.

In 1583, Dee and Kelley, who had obtained a strong hold upon the affections of the older man, visited Albert Laski, Palatine of Siradz, in Bohemia, who hoped to restore his fallen fortunes by the discovery of the philosopher's stone. When Laski wearied of his guests, they visited the Emperor Rodolph II. at Prague. In May, 1586, however, a decree was issued commanding them to leave the Emperor's dominions in six days. Finally they found for a time an asylum in the castle of Tribau, or Trebone, in Bohemia, the principal residence of Count Rosenberg.

When Dee returned to England, without Kelly, his condition was a pitiable one. A Royal Commission visited him at his house at Mortlake, and heard the story of his "halfe hundred" years spent in the attainment of "good learning." In his "Compendious Rehearsall" he drew up a "very easy and speedy remedy" in "this rare and lamentable case," and suggested that he should be made Master of St. Cross, Warden of Manchester College, Provost of Eton, or Master of Sherborne. He writes that he has spent but £566 in three years' housekeeping, owing to his thrift, and to gifts from his friends of "wine, whole brawnes, sheep, wheat, pepper, nutmegg, ginger, sugar, etc., and other things for the apparell of me, my wife and our children." He had mortgaged his house for £400, and now he will have to sell it, to pay his debts, while he and his family become wanderers and homeless vagabonds, furnished only with bottles and wallets—"and all for want of due mainteynance." As a result of his plea, the Queen sent him one hundred marks, and in 1595 he actually became Warden of Manchester College. His life as Warden was

embittered by poverty, and he was obliged from time to time to sell his books and plate to procure subsistence. Finally, he left Manchester, in a very weak state of health, and returned to Mortlake. He died when over eighty years of age in December, 1608. The indefatigable John Aubrey, fifty years after, gathered a few traditions about him from the mouth of an old woman, which showed that the charm of his character was not quite obscured by the legends of his magic powers. He had allayed a storm for Sir Everard Digby; he had recovered a basket of clothes that were lost; he used to distil egg-shells, and kept a great many stills going. "A mighty good man he was." "He had a very fair, clear, sanguine complexion, a long beard as white as milke. A very handsome man. He was a great peacemaker; if any of the neighbours fell out, he would never lett them alone till he had made them friends."

The biography contains material of some interest, and shows evidence of careful research. It suffers, however, from a tendency to impart irrelevant information, which is common to so many modern "lives." After telling us that he was rector of Upton-upon-Severn, the authoress writes:

"From the Beacon Hill above West Malvern Priory, the visitor may turn from inspection of the ancient British camp of Caractacus to admire the magnificent view; and across the level fields where the Severn winds, the tower of Upton Church will be seen rising in the middle distance. Further west, if the day be clear, the more imposing tower of Tewkesbury and Gloucester may be discerned, while half a turn eastward will show Worcester cathedral, not far away. *Dee never lived in this beautiful place.*"

What a superfluous paragraph!

MADAME DE MAINTENON

Madame de Maintenon, Her Life and Times, 1635-1719.

By C. C. DYSON. (John Lane. 12s. 6d.)

THIS narrative of the life of Madame de Maintenon is based, as the author acknowledges, upon a formidable list of memoirs and earlier lives, and especially upon the researches of M. A. de Boislisle, who, in his "Paul Scarron et Françoise d'Aubigné" (1904), proves with regard to certain leading incidents in Madame de Maintenon's life, such as "her sojourn with her parents in the West Indies and the adventures there encountered (of which so many romantic tales are told), the arrangement of her marriage to Scarron, the granting of the pension, in which her connection with Madame de Montespan and introduction at Court were supposed to hang, and concerning which many effective scenes have been elaborated by many writers . . . that the accounts hitherto accepted are incorrect and are merely legends." M. Gélén, of Niort, again, in his "Françoise d'Aubigné," gives some interesting details of her early life at the Château de Mursay; and there is a mass of interesting biographical material, including Madame de Maintenon's letters, over four thousand of which have been preserved. These letters are of singular interest, for Madame de Maintenon has the gift of self-revelation. Perhaps the best known is that quoted by Voltaire:—

"The wildest imagination could not have dreamed I should attain this height of fortune. I have been loved by all. I was young and pretty, and incited admiration; later I enjoyed intellectual companionship. I protest to you that all this leaves only a terrible void—only the love and service of God gives peace."

Again, in 1682 she writes:—

"My life is a tissue of sufferings and annoyances. People think my position enviable, but I have no greater pleasure than to get away into solitude. I envy the fate of my farmers."

A few years later she could say:—

"The essential thing is never to act contrary to the inward light, and to follow God wherever He leads us."

But in spite of documents, memoirs, and letters, this "life" is not a serious thing. In spite of this wealth of historical material, it merely aims at being as interesting as gossip. A sentence from Guizot is prefixed to the book to the effect that "People want romances. Why not look for them in history? There one finds the human heart displaying its most vivid passions in varied and dramatic scenes, and, above all, the supreme charm of reality." That is the keynote of the book. Madame de Maintenon's life is told as personal gossip, apart from the history of her times. Her biographer's attitude is no more that of an historian than St. Simon's, and as a writer Mr. Dyson is infinitely less entertaining. It is absurd to write Madame de Maintenon's life as a "moral tale," an illustration (to quote the preface) "of the fact that virtue and merit are occasionally crowned even in this world, and that this road to fortune is less slippery than that of the passions"—"Madame de Maintenon, or Virtue Rewarded"!

There is a curious mistake in the preface, where it is stated that "in 1848, her descendant, the Duc de Noailles, published his life of Madame de Maintenon." Madame de Maintenon left no descendants. The mistake may have arisen from the fact that the Noailles family descended from the only child of the Comte d'Aubigné, Madame de Maintenon's brother. The English of this memoir is very careless; the author has hardly even "emptied his notebook in decent English." We have such absurdities as: "In spite of his bad disposition, Constantine d'Aubigné possessed the art of pleasing, and was a handsome man with fascinating manners," and "Madame de Glapion was very witty and intellectual, but served four years in an infirmary." The children of an entire village were described in a novel of recent years as "fat but illegitimate," which is the *locus clanicus* of this use of "but." We are told three times "that the children of cousins were reckoned nieces à la mode de Bretagne," and there is a great deal of unnecessary repetition throughout this memoir.

SHORTER REVIEWS

FICTION

The Odd Man. By ARNOLD HOLCOMBE. (John Lane. 6s.)

MR. ARNOLD HOLCOMBE has written a "fantaisie" rather than a novel on the odd man. Dunstead, a village, "where, as elsewhere to-day, an unearned income is a holy thing," is raised to suburban importance by the building of a new railway line. In the midst of eligible building sites lies an acre of land and a tumble-down cottage belonging to the odd man, who seems to be most unaccountably disliked. The village children throw stones at him—a most unlikely thing, for the village is never vindictive without cause. His only fault appears to be an independent attitude towards his more prosperous neighbours—"he had been born just in time to secure the advantages of cheap education."

When he refuses to sell his land and his cottage that his father had built "with his blood and his sweat," every effort is made to get rid of him. The owner of the neighbouring acres, a county gentleman, tries to have him convicted as a rogue and vagabond, and induces the local employers to boycott him! There had been nothing to suggest the rogue and vagabond in the odd man's life, and county gentlemen do not, as a rule, attempt the impossible. The same county gentleman, when the odd man becomes a rich man, prophesies that the latter will be "one of the county people"!

Just as the odd man is about to give up the struggle for existence in Dunstead, he inherits a fortune by the death of his uncle in Australia. A curious feature of his uncle's will is that an annuity of £200 is to be settled upon the person who has done most to befriend the odd man in his early struggles. The attitude of Dunstead towards the fortune and the coveted annuity gives Mr. Holcombe an opportunity for farcical comedy. Some of the scenes are amusing, such as the encounter between the Dunstead grocer (who had previously stolen into the odd man's house in the hopes of finding evidence against him in the days of his unpopularity) and the undertaker, who comes with his funeral brougham to drive the odd man in triumph to Dunstead. The odd man is met by a crowd of the good people of Dunstead, who insist upon his making a speech. He complies, and talks to them like a book—this is perhaps the result of his cheap education:—

"One of the things I studied in my dreaming days was human nature, and though the phase of it that you have manifested to-day is a familiar one to me, it is a phase that I cannot pretend either to admire or respect."

The villagers naturally conclude that his fortune has turned his head. Later he tells the girl he is going to marry that kind hearts are more than coronets, and that "those little tricks called fine manners can be learned in a month by anyone."

The Background. By W. J. ECCOTT. (William Blackwood and Sons. 6s.)

MRS. PLASSY MAITLAND, "elusive, companionable, charming, but self-contained," has a husband, who wastes his substance and disappears. He is supposed to have been burnt at a fire in his country house in Pife. Several nice legal points arise as to his estate and the insurance, and Mrs. Maitland makes a deep impression upon Edward Blantyre, K.C., whose precise, well-ordered speech aroused in her "an emotion of beauty, much as the sight of an Attic temple might do upon the mind of an artist who had never before beheld one." (It does not do, of course, to see an "Attic" temple twice.) Edward Blantyre, "virile, well-featured, not without distinction," loves Mrs. Maitland "with all the spring of thirty, the supreme brain power of man's prime, and the unharvested capacity for passion, which should be the unconscious hoard of sane and celibate manhood." He is also able to turn out, we are told, "a passable sonnet." During the courtship Mrs. Maitland begins "for the first time in her life to feel the necessity of a regular mental task"—in other words, she decided to write a novel.

Her first novel wins a hundred pounds prize, and goes "like fire among the reeds"—not the most inflammable of materials, as they stand in the river—but she continues to preserve her anonymity, even to her husband, Edward Blantyre, and to the circle of lady novelists with whom she dines at the Savoy. From this carefully preserved anonymity, and from a wonderful likeness between Mrs. Blantyre and a music-hall artiste, Lily Fanshawe, some very improbable complications arise. Her original husband, John Maitland, discovers *millenium*, "the missing link in precious metals," and so makes his fortune. When he returns to England he finds he prefers his wife's double, Lily Fanshawe, to the original, and Edward Blantyre is left in undisturbed possession of the heroine of "The Background."

The book is carelessly written. The wife of a Mr. Innerwick of Humble is referred to as Lady Innerwick, and also as Lady Constance Innerwick. The conversations between Mrs. Maitland and Blantyre, when they see picture-galleries abroad, are stilted in the extreme:—

"And now," he says, "leaving the senses alone, what do you say to our appetites—hunger, for instance?"

"Mr. Blantyre, I am grateful for the suggestion. We must certainly not forget the art gastronomic."

The Motor Maid. C. W. AND A. M. WILLIAMSON.
(London: Hodder and Stoughton. 6s.)

THE Motor Maid is an ingenious mixture of a pretty romance, some very merry humour, and Baedeker. Of the last-named writing there is too much, a very great deal too much. The book bristles with him, at the expense of the love and the humour. Mrs. Williamson does not forget to let us know that she is well acquainted with her route from the Riviera to Paris, and much of the description makes one's mouth water, but it gets very tedious, and we would far rather have more of the able character-drawing and less of the heroes and heroines of the past with swashbuckling names who are constantly and tiresomely referred to.

Lys d'Angely, the "motor maid," is a "real lady," half American, half French, who has run away from her friends to escape the persecution of a millionaire adorer to whom her relatives very rightly (being commercial-minded French aristocrats) think she ought to be married. She is to be companion to a Russian princess, who unfortunately dies just prior to Miss d'A.'s arrival. Left stranded the girl gets a situation with an impossibly vulgar millionairess, a Lady Turnour (it was Turner), as maid. The Turnours—he is a retired tradesman—are on their very much middle-aged honeymoon. They are "doing" France in the best, that is to say, the most expensive, way they can. They have the very last thing in gorgeous motor-cars, and the very last thing in "real gentlemen" chauffeurs. Naturally the end is obvious, it is practically love at first sight for the "motor maid" and the "motor man," and all, with the aid of a benevolent old maiden aunt, ends happily.

With the exception of the too much Baedeker it is a very pleasant book. The characters are ably drawn, especially the middle-aged honeymooners who gauge the value of everything in life by how much it costs; the gentleman chauffeur, who is by no means one of Mr. Somerset Maugham's "tame cats," who have been, "like every other waster in the world," in the motor trade, but a really nice man, Eton and Oxford and all, who isn't ashamed to work for his living; and a dirty little cad of a millionaire's step-son. One would like more of the dear eccentric old aunt who only figures as a *dea ex machina*, and a little more of Mrs. Williamson's humour, which is somewhat in the style of "The Visits of Elizabeth." The book contains pictures, which it would be better without, as they are not good, and try to destroy the impression one would otherwise have formed of the characters.

AEDH

AEDH lay upon his face, spent with watching, with unsatisfied longing and yearning for the power of song which had not as yet been granted to him.

His form was wasted, his cheek pale, the night winds sighed and wept around him, the thunder rolled, but he cared not for all this.

"Give me a voice," he cried, "oh my Beloved, let me see thee, let me sing of thy beauty or die."

A hand touched him, and a voice, soft as the murmur of a fountain, said, "Arise and behold me."

He stood upon his feet, and a fresh current of life seemed poured into his throbbing veins, but the glory of the vision made him fall low on his knees before her. Never, until now, had he beheld her unveiled. Wrapped in thin clouds of morning, he had traced the outline of her shadowy loveliness; in a flash of lightning her white hand had been revealed to him; on the shores of the great sea he had, painfully and with tears, traced the print of her delicate foot; but now she stood before him and he dared to look into those eyes which, even veiled by drooping lashes, are brighter than mortal sight can long endure.

"I have seen thy patience," she said, "I know thy love. I will give thee power to see me at will, and a

voice to convert the world by singing my praise. I will place upon thy forehead such a star as I bear upon my own by which thou wilt be known to my little band of singers. All this will I give thee and higher delights than imagination can paint if thou canst bear the yoke of my service."

"I will bear anything for thee," he said. "What pain can be greater than the agony of loving thee without the power to express it?"

"Come, then," she said, "and see what I would have thee sing."

She laid her hand upon him, and the soft touch bore him through the air.

They visited the lovely scenes where erst he had wept and prayed for a glimpse of her face as she floated past him on a sunbeam.

"I would have thee sing of these mountains, this smiling plain, gloomy valley and boundless sea."

"They have filled my soul with music," he said. "Give me but voice to tell the thoughts that make my heart burn and I shall woo the world to thy service."

"I have other haunts," she said; "thou shalt sing of them too, for I demand that my servants shall work with their full strength; and what I give them must not be wasted." She showed him the palace where Beauty lay in soft repose; the chamber where the pale student burned his nightly lamp and, in dreams of ambition, forgot his poverty and loneliness; the field of battle, where the soldier lightened his watch with thoughts of his beloved; the cradle, where innocence smiled under the eyes of watchful love.

"Of all these can I sing," cried Aedh, "if thou wilt touch my lips. Of such scenes have I dreamed night and day."

"There remain still worthier themes than these," said the lady of his love, and a shade of sorrow upon her face deepened its beauty.

Then she showed him a wretched chamber where, by the light of a candle that flickered as the keen wind whistled through the crazy window, a pale girl sat at work. She had been beautiful once, but the cares of abject poverty, the sorrow of temptation, resisted but not unfelt, the pain of to-day and apprehension for to-morrow, had wasted the light of youth in her eye and drawn sad lines about her mouth and brow. And ever, as she glanced towards a heap of straw beside her, where a younger girl lay dying, her tears fell fast upon the work she must not lay down, lest increasing want and starvation should hasten what disease was performing with a steady hand.

"The beauty of thy form, O my beloved, was never clearer than here," sobbed Aedh, "yet with pain I must sing what thou dost teach."

The dim chamber faded away and still more painful scenes appeared. Squalid ignorance, brutal vice, childhood with the face of aged cunning, beauty degraded, natural affection crushed out, every form of oppression and wrong, crime, greed, and selfishness in high and low were represented to his aching sight.

Wherever flowers of holy love and pity, humanising charity and sympathy with what was good and pure, appeared among all this mystery, they seemed to make the surrounding gloom deeper by contrast with their own heavenly light.

"These scenes are not fit themes for song," cried Aedh. "Thy form is dimmed; these distorted images do not represent thy loveliness."

"It is to redress such wrongs as these that I send my servants forth into the world," said the lady sternly. "Without entire obedience I will have none of thy service. Thou canst already sing with a degree of power, but to express my hidden harmonies is only given to those who obey my hardest behests."

"But why, oh peerless one, must I sing of these ungraceful sights? Why can I not enchant the world with the praise of natural beauty and leave such themes as these to coarser minds?"

"Because upon thee I have bestowed the power of sight which must be thy blessing or thy curse. If, with a coward heart, thou shrinkest from any knightly duty, if, faint-hearted or slothful, thou canst look upon pain without an effort to succour it, thou shalt lose my most glorious gifts."

"I will obey," cried Aedh. "Place the jewel upon my forehead, give me work to do, and I will be faithful."

Then the lady, who holds all purity, goodness, and truth in her right hand, all physical beauty and grace in her left, whose eyes beam with heavenly light, and whose lips express all sweetness, touched his forehead, and immediately a ray of brightness, like a gleam in a diamond stone, was lighted there.

"If thou art true," she said; "this star will shine for ever." Then she stooped and kissed his lips as he knelt before her.

"By this I give thee power to speak what I will show thee. Be brave, gentle, faithful, and self-denying, and thou canst not utterly fail. But remember that those who taste the highest pleasures know also the deepest sorrow."

* * * * *

Aedh took his lyre and went forth to wander upon the earth.

He sang in the language he had learnt from his mother, with the voice that his love had bestowed upon him; and wherever he roamed crowds came to listen to his singing. His fame spread far and wide. Some who heard his song went away the better for it. Others who wept at his sweet and plaintive strains grew tenfold more hard afterwards, because they understood and yet would not follow his teaching. Many said they could not understand his strange tongue. Others understood him in part, but asked why he spoke the dialect of an obscure village.

He answered: "Because that is the language of my childhood and of my heart. When I have found another home equally dear I will sing in another tongue."

And one met him who was, like himself, a singer, and bore upon his forehead a star of great brilliancy, who, grasping his hand, cried, "Welcome, brother," and explained to the ignorant crowd that what sounded like the dialect of one small village was, in reality, the heart-language of every man upon earth.

Others who pretended to be troubadours could discern no beauty in his voice, no star upon his forehead. And some of the listeners turned from Aedh to them, calling their false notes and stammering words higher music than his mellow tones and the mysterious harmonies of his lyre. Sometimes, wandering in dark and lonely ways, where the stones cut his feet, he suffered from weariness and hunger, bitter cold or scorching heat, but it was then that the voice supernaturally bestowed upon him became sweetest and most powerful, so that no soul in which music dwelt could resist its pleading tones. His themes were various, but through all there ran an undertone of love to the lady who gave him power to express it. Sometimes he sang merrily, and morbid souls called him frivolous; sometimes he chose a minor key to sing the sorrows of the world, the praises of heroic suffering, and the necessity of earnest action. But then many of his hearers said, "We cannot bear such hard sayings, sing us a soothing melody." Still he persevered; uttering only such words as were prompted by daily gazing into the face of his beloved, ever striving after more light and knowledge; and as his reward he enjoyed the constant companionship of glorious visions; he walked upon the winds and listened to the music of the spheres.

* * * * *

On a certain day a great King sent for Aedh. It was one of his duties never to refuse the expression of his lady's commands to all who would learn them, so he went into the city and stood before the King in his simple dress, waiting for permission to sing.

Now this King was the most powerful the world has ever seen. There was scarcely a country on the face of the globe where he had not a throne in the hearts of bad

men. The servants that waited upon him were deaf and blind. His daughter, who was rich in all such possessions as "horses and chariots and slaves and souls of men," sat at his right hand.

The King commanded Aedh to sing the praise of his wealth and world-wide sovereignty. But Aedh said: "O King, I sing the praises of but one Being, the lady who gives me all that I have of good, and she has commanded me to sing the sorrows of thy slaves."

Then the King was very wroth, and would have ordered him to be slain, but his daughter pleaded that the singer should first be heard. She was a lady of fair seeming, whose power was as great as her father's and her influence far more subtle. There were many who rebelled against the deaf and blind condition of his servants, but very few dared to whisper a word against the invisible bonds in which she held them. Moreover, her power increased every day, while his declined somewhat. She beckoned Aedh to her side and whispered in delicate tones, "There is no need to sing what is untrue, only avoid unpleasant themes and thy power for good will be greater than it has ever been."

And Aedh sang about the jewels upon her hand and the fretted roof of the palace. When he had to pause for breath, for he was weaker than usual, they gave him rich wine to drink out of a golden cup, and an unnatural heat made his brain throb with an unholy rapture. He forgot his love, his native mountains, his vows of obedience, and sang only the praise of the Princess—he who had heretofore knelt but to one lady. Then they placed a crown upon his head, which hid the star, and the princess bound him with a golden chain, and said, "We must clothe thee in silk and velvet."

All the court now praised him because the Princess had done so, and he was the first among the favourites; for the Princess loved, above all things, what was new. But Aedh dreamed no more beautiful dreams; the sweetest music was no longer possible to him; she who had ruled his heart came no more to him in visions of the night. And the Princess's servants persuaded him that he must seem in such fashion that all should know he was a singer. When he replied that such devices to gain attention were contrary to his nature they laughed and told him the votaries of their mistress never confessed the irksomeness of her service. She taught him to speak the language used in her court; and though it was a strange and uncouth one, full of words and phrases which had no meaning to him, and though he spoke it stammeringly, he grew ashamed of his mother tongue. And he suffered his feet to be bound with a jewelled chain so that he could no longer wander upon the mountains or through the plains. He held a little court of his own, for it was known that he had the ear of the Princess and could gain her favour for any whom he chose. He had his flatterers, too, and foremost among them was the Princess herself, murmuring praises fatally sweet to his ear; but there were moments when his old love came back upon him with torturing remorse, and he saw, as in a flash of light, that the Princess was not beautiful as she at first seemed to be, but only painted to appear so. She was, indeed, an enchantress of many spells, but she could not bestow peace of mind.

After Aedh had dwelt in the palace some time, there came a day when the increasing weakness of his voice could not be concealed from public notice. Wine gave him no strength, and the luxurious life of a courtier began to enfeeble the limbs accustomed to pure mountain air. He cried aloud to his first love and prayed for a sight of her face to inspire and give him new life. She answered his cry, but came veiled in black and sternly reproached him for his inconstancy. Her accent rent his heart, and his feeble spirit quailed before her majestic wrath; but he lacked courage to break the chains that bound him, although she assured him their strength existed only in his imagination. The conditions of forgiveness she offered seemed to his clouded intellect too hard for performance. "To return to my old life would kill me

now," he thought; "I have accustomed myself to require the aid of artificial excitement. This life is misery to me, but I must bear the punishment of satiety."

He propped his failing fame by singing cruel songs about the natural infirmities of other courtiers. Vice, too, ceased to appear hateful to him because it gave him an amusing theme. His satires excited much hollow laughter, but in the end even this device failed, and there came a day when, as he opened his lips to sing before the court, no sound issued from them. His power of song was gone.

The Princess frowned, the crowd hissed, and those courtiers who had lately suffered from his mockery drove him from the palace.

Now followed days of loneliness and nights of horror such as he had never known in the time of his faithful service. Fearful darkness gathered round him wherever he went. A brand like Cain's was upon his brow where the star had shone. The good and gentle shrank from his sullen frown and his inarticulate ravings of despair. At last he knew that he must die, and he prayed his early love that she would give him strength to speak the truth once more before he went into the eternal silence. She appeared to him again and granted his request, but hid her softer aspect from his weeping eyes.

Armed with short-lived power he came unbidden into the presence of the Princess as she walked in her garden surrounded by courtiers and sang in a strain that she had never heard before. In this song he spared not her deceits and false-heartedness, nor her painted beauty, and the Princess hid her face in shame. Then he hymned the praise of his first love.

He sang of her pure, sad beauty, and as his voice grew stronger and sweeter he called upon all true souls to persevere with faithful lips and stainless hands in that path where he had weakly failed. And as the last note died away in the echoing hills he fell dead before them all.

"We must erect a great mausoleum over him," said the Princess. "It shall not be thought that we could not understand his words."

So Aedh's funeral rites were splendid, and his statue was placed in a prominent part of the city.

That was all the change he made in the life of the court.

F. J. S.

ELFINLAND

"O, see not ye that bonny road
That winds about that ferny brae?
That is the road to fair Elfland,
Where thou and I this night maun gae."

It is a road which many among our greatest poets have never been able to find—perhaps never cared to seek. Some strange fortuitous natural gift it is which opens the gate of Elfland—something which may, and often does, exist side by side with exalted mental gifts, but which is more often the dower of a simple and untutored nature. Reason and logical capacity, exercised and educated to their highest pitch, are apt to be exclusive, and to dwarf the spontaneous instincts and feelings which are common to humanity, and therefore quite as deserving of development along the proper lines.

It is not, therefore, in what are known as the Augustan ages of literature that we must seek for the true spirit of fairy lore. The period which rejoiced in the building of Palladian mansions, in lofty white-and-gold salons, in formal gardens and Watteau shepherdesses, also demanded conformity with similar canons in the realm of literature. The middle of the seventeenth century witnessed the banishment of the fairies from poetry, save in country tradition and in survivals of ballad lore. It was not until two hundred years had passed away that they were thoroughly re-instated, for the Elfland of L. E. L. and

of Mrs. Hemans was a stagey limelight affair, which was evidently, in the eyes of its singers, the merest "poetic license."

No amount of gilded epithet, of talk about gossamer cloaks and rainbow wings, can convey the strange mysterious charm which was so real a thing to the early balladists. The elfinland in which our forefathers believed, as the Irish peasantry do to this day, was far more than a gaudily pretty peepshow. It was weird, perilous, terrible. They knew better than to endeavour to give concrete expression to that twilight realm, and we shall look in vain through the tale of Thomas the Rhymer and of the Young Tamlane for any of those painstaking descriptions into which later poets have been betrayed.

"O they rade on, and farther on,
And they waded through rivers aboon the knee;
And they saw neither sun nor moon,
But they heard the moaning of the sea."

"It was mirk mirk night, and there was nae stern light,
And they waded through rivers aboon the knee:
For a' the blude that's shed on earth
Rins through the springs o' that countrie."

Thus far the balladist, and no farther. And would not the tale of True Thomas have lost half of its mystic charm by any attempt to take away the mysterious glamour of his seven years in Fairyland? Into that wonderful twilight he goes, to the chime of the Elf Queen's ringing bridle, and it is only by the subtle suggestion of the context that we can conjure up a dim vision of Elfland.

In an age whose literature looked for guidance to classical models, the cult of native tradition naturally went to the wall, save in so far as its creations lingered under the more stilted guise of allegory. It was with the revived influence of early literature, the new vogue of romance, that the fairy folk came to their own again. In the "Idylls of the King" may be seen a perfect example of the transition from one mode of thought to another, where the classical school to which Tennyson's manner partly belongs has grafted upon it the mediæval mysticism of the "Morte d'Arthur."

It was that quality of what we must call, for want of a better expression, the Celtic spirit in Keats' work which rendered him so little in harmony with the day in which he lived, so strangely in sympathy with modern lovers of poetry. The reading public of that period knew nothing of

"Magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in faerie lands forlorn."

"La Belle Dame sans Merci" was incomprehensible, and therefore not of the most respectable. Still another early disciple of the new school of legendary lore was James Hogg, whose "Kilmeny" is one of the few modern fairy poems which has the genuine ancient ring.

"Kilmeny had been, she kenned not where,
And Kilmeny had seen what she could not declare;
Kilmeny had been where the cock never crew,
Where the rain never fell, and the wind never blew."

What wonder that this is the one poem with which most people connect the name of the Ettrick shepherd?

Elfland is, or should be, dear and near to children and to their elders alike, and any tendency to moralising or allegory is not wanted in that other-world atmosphere. There is a spice of irreverence about the idea of making the fairy folk the servants of men. In song, as in story, they must be mysterious, unknown, free, or they are not worth talking about at all.

"Up the airy mountain,
Down the rushy glen,
We daren't go a-hunting
For fear of little men.

Wee folk, good folk,
Trooping altogether;
Green jacket, red cap,
And white owl's feather."

I think most of us would give up many greater poems rather than these haunting echoes of old legend and romantic dreams, which sing themselves through the memory like the burden of some enchanted song.

"Two and one, and three fair maidens,
Singing to a pulsing cadence,
Singing songs of Elfin Mere.

* * *

Years ago, and years ago,
And the tall reeds sigh as the wind doth blow."

C. F. S.

WALLET—WATTLE

PROFESSOR SKEAT (Concise Dict., 1901) points out the apparent identity of these two words: "In P. Plowman, C. xi., 269, where some MSS. express 'bag-full' by *watleful*, others have *walet-ful*. Again, Shakespeare has *wallets* for bags of flesh upon the neck (Temp. iii., 3, 46), which is the same as *wattles*." I find that the early dictionaries not only confuse *wallet* and *wattle*, but also use *waddle* for the latter (as in modern dialect, v. Wright, Halliwell). Holyoak (1612) has "a cocke's beard, or the *wallets* that hang down by his cheekes." Cotgrave has "*goitron*, *waddles*, or *wattles*; the two little, and long excrescences, which hang, teat-like, at either side of the throat of some hogs; also, the wenny bags that breed under the throats of the most inhabitants of the Alpes, by reason of their continuall drinking of water," and "la barbe d'un coq, a cocke's *rattles*, or *waddles*." Coles (1703) has both *waddle* and *wattle* (of a cock, or pig). Ebers (1798) has "der Bartlappen der Hähne, the cock's *rattles* or *waddles*." It certainly looks as if the three words were identical, and I should take *waddle* to be the original and related to *wad* (cf. "widow's weeds," O.H.G. "*wād*, clothing, etc.). Whether the word was first applied to the "*wattles*" of animals or to a small bag, the evolution of meaning from "scrap of cloth" would be fairly easy. The 17th century L. dictionaries render a cock's "*wattles*" by *palea*, for which Junius (1611) gives G. *Läplin*, Du. *lap-ken*, both of which mean "shred, rag" (see Kluge, *Lappen*; cf. M.E. *lappe*, and *dewlap*). "*Scrip*," a synonym of *wallet*, originally meant "scrap, shred" (see Skeat, *scrip*). So also F. *fanon*, originally "piece of cloth," is applied both to the "*wattles*" of the turkey and the "*dewlap*" of the bull. If *waddle* be the original form, how do we get *wattle* and *wallet*? I venture to suggest the following theory:—Another name for the cock's *wattle* was *rattle* (Cotgrave, Gouldman, Littleton, s.v. *palea*), which may have influenced the form of its synonym. In the sense of "pouch," we may suppose the metathesis of *watle* into *walet* to have been brought about by analogy with other words of a similar meaning, such as *budget*, *pocket*, or its obsolete equivalent *mallet*, from O.F. "*malette*, *pautner*, *scryppe*" (Palsgrave). The hypothesis that *waddle* and *wallet* are identical, and that they go back to *wad* seems to be supported by the F. nautical words *vadeau* (*vadel*) and *valet*, both meaning "wad" of a gun (Jal, *Glossaire nautique*). Jal connects them both with E. *wad*, though his explanation of the form *valet* (from *vadet* from *vadel*) is unsatisfactory. They would appear rather to represent E. *waddle* and *wallet* respectively.

E. W.

CORRESPONDENCE

"SHAKESPEARE IN LONDON."

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—Dr. Wallace in his article on this subject in *The Times* writes:—"In 1614 Shakespeare at the same time and until his death owned likewise one-seventh of the Blackfriars and one-fourteenth of the Globe"; and again, "Contrary to all sup-

position, Shakespeare in his last years owned twice as much in the Blackfriars as in the Globe."

If Shakespeare possessed these valuable shares at the time of his death, it is an extraordinary fact that no mention is made of them in his will, where he bequeaths his second-best bed to his wife. Dr. Wallace might endeavour to ascertain what became of Shakespeare's shares in the two theatres, as they must have formed the larger bulk of his fortune.

Dr. Sidney Lee (who, by the way, fails to give a copy of Shakespeare's will in his *Life*) says:—"Shakespeare realised his theatrical shares several years before his death in 1616, when he left, according to his will, £350 in money in addition to an extensive real estate and numerous personal belongings." He distinctly says:—"He owned none [i.e., of the shares] at the time of his death."

Dr. Wallace and Dr. Sidney Lee cannot both be right regarding the shares.

GEORGE STRONACH.

SHALL AND WILL.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—Would you be so kind as to have the following inserted in the next issue of THE ACADEMY?

Out of deference to Mr. Butler, I will not say that he did not catch my meaning, but I will say (or, more humbly, I shall say) that I did not make myself understood, in the contribution alluded to, and I regret it.

1. I never meant that the verb *to will* had always a future signification. "*Wilt thou?*" and "*I will*," in the marriage service, mean "*Veux-tu?*" and "*Je veux*" in French. They are both in the present indicative of the regular verb *to will*, as well as in the present indicative of the irregular and defective verb *will*, and therefore perfectly correct.

2. I maintain that *I will* may always be softened into *I shall*. For instance, if a speaker or a writer wishes to give an order in an ordinary way, he may use the simple form of the future instead of the emphatic form; thus, instead of saying, for instance, "On receiving this gentleman's cheque, you shall go to the bank (an expression which is rightly used here, as an order is given), the more courteous term, "you will go," or merely "go" is employed.

My experience as a student of English, compared with French, has also taught me that, even when we are at liberty to exercise our will and judgment, it is better to employ, through courtesy, the simple form of the future instead of the emphatic form when addressing superiors or persons worthy of deference at our hands.

But what I did mean in particular is this: that *I will* be glad, *I will* be pleased, *I will* be happy, *I will* be ill, *I hope I will*, *I will* not be able, *I would like*, *I will* be twenty, forty, fifty, etc., next year, etc., etc., etc., cannot be substituted for *I shall* be glad, *I shall* be pleased, *I shall* be happy, *I shall* be ill, *I hope I shall*, *I shall* not be able, *I should like*, *I shall* be twenty, forty, fifty, etc., next year, etc., etc., etc.; or, in other words, in speaking of future circumstances or of future events over which we can have no control, the simple future, or the simple conditional, as the case may be (and not the emphatic future or the emphatic conditional) must be employed.

3. As to the expression: "Who shall find fault with the future in the following sentence?" I meant my question to convey a challenge: "Qui osera trouver incorrect le futur dans la phrase suivante?" (or, *je défie qui que ce soit de trouver incorrect le futur dans la phrase suivante*). If, on the other hand, I had had the intention of putting a simple question, I should have said (*j'aurais dit*): "Who will find fault, etc.?" ("Qui trouvera incorrect, etc.?).

Example.

Who shall bar them from Qui osera les tenir éloignés de moi?—(Shakespeare.)

Who shall call this man a Qui osera traiter cet homme de charlatan à l'avenir? (Je défie qui que ce soit d'appeler cet homme un charlatan à l'avenir.)

If accusation without proof Si l'on ajoute foi à une accusation sans preuve, qui sera innocent? (Je défie qui que ce soit de me dire qui l'on pourra trouver innocent.)

4. I never said that I would never use the expression, "*I wish now to criticise the remarks*"; what I maintain is this, that the sentence: "*Now, gentlemen, I will criticise the remarks, etc.*"; which means either "*Je veux critiquer*," or "*je critiquerai volontairement les remarques, etc.*,"

is perfectly correct. Besides the quotations from Macaulay, printed in the last issue but one of THE ACADEMY, I can quote other examples in point, if necessary.

In English, the difference between *wish* and *desire* seems to be that a *desire* is directed to what is obtainable, and a *wish* may be directed to what is obtainable or not, which definition, to my mind, is incomplete, because there is a case in which "I will do a thing," "I wish to do a thing," "I desire to do a thing" are nearly synonymous, it is when all three mean "I am inclined to do a thing."

Now, since Abbot says that, in Shakespeare's sentence

"She that *would* be your wife" (C. of E., iv., 4, 152), *would* has the sense of *wished*.

Example.

She that *wished* to make out that she was your wife (Abbot's Th. Gr., No. 329), I do not see any reason why I should be criticised if I said that Mr. Butler's sentence, "I *wish* now to criticise the remarks, etc.," can also have the meaning of "I *will* now criticise, etc."

In French, the verb *désirer* is susceptible of two interpretations. It is used with *de*, "lorsqu'il exprime un *désir* dont l'accomplissement est incertain, difficile, ou indépendant de la volonté."

Example.

Il y a longtemps que je *désirais* de vous rencontrer. (L'Académie.) When, on the contrary, this verb "exprime un *désir* dont l'accomplissement est certain ou facile, et plus ou moins dépendant de la volonté, il s'emploie sans la préposition *de*."

Example.

Je *désire* le voir (i.e., je *veux* le voir). Il *désire* vous parler (i.e., Il *veut* vous parler).—(L'Académie.)

5. With regard to the opinion of Mr. Butler that "where purpose without regard to possibility is in view, two infinitives after *shall* and *will* are not wisely coupled by *and* in place of *to*," I can add that, if my quotation from Boswell, in the case under consideration, is not deemed sufficient, I am prepared to supply my opponent with a good many others. For the moment, he will kindly allow me to submit to him the following only:—

Then cometh Jesus with Alors Jésus s'en alla avec them unto a place called eux dans un lieu appelé Gethsemane, an! saith unto Gethsémané, et il dit à ses the disciples, "Sit ye here, disciples: "Asseyez-vous ici while I go and pray yonder." pendant que je m'en irai là —Bible. pour prier."

Is not "while I go," here, equivalent to "while I *will* go," or "while I *shall* go"? A FRENCH LINGUIST.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—I am much obliged to your correspondents for their answers, especially to "A French Linguist" for his painstaking analysis, and am not surprised to find that their verdicts often differ as to correctness or incorrectness.

My examples were meant to bring out the following points. First, that modern "correct" English has departed considerably from older usage. If Nos. (1) to (4), taken from the Authorised Version of our Bible, were rewritten in more modern language, I think *should* would be used in each case rather than *would*. When Scottish and Irish writers are blamed for too frequent use of *will* and *would*, this should not be forgotten, though I am far from saying that all their aberrancies can be explained by conservatism.

Secondly, whereas English writers are often said never to make mistakes between *shall* and *will*, this is at least open to question. Jane Austen, William Wordsworth, George Borrow, and Dr. Pusey are among the authors condemned by one or other of your correspondents. It is Wordsworth who, in a letter, writes: "I *would* be delighted to see you"; and parallels to this are quite common. It is Miss Austen who says there must be unconquerable young ladies of eighteen, "or one *should* not read about them"; and she might defend herself by quoting such phrases as "it *should* seem." Borrow is particularly fond of sentences like "The writer is aware that he *shall* make enemies," to which the sentence quoted by "A French Linguist" from Macaulay affords no proper parallel, since in it the term is "I *shall*," and the change from "I *shall*" to "it *will*" is fundamental in this matter. (Possibly both Miss Austen and Borrow wrote "I" in the first instance, and forgot that the change from first person to third necessitated a corresponding change of verb.)

But, thirdly, I wished to bring out that a special and peculiar use of *shall*, common in older days, has been lately revived, and tends to complicate the issues. This is when, in addition to futurity, an element of something like prediction is involved. In our sacred writings this occurs constantly, as Mr. Butler

points out in his letter, and it has been resuscitated by writers like the late W. E. Henley in such phrases as "You shall find," "It shall be seen," etc. Compare these sentences by R. L. Stevenson (a Scot, but a master of English). "We all speak different dialects; one shall be copious and exact, another loose and meagre; but the speech of the ideal talker shall correspond [to?] and fit upon the truth of fact." "The irony of facts shall take it out of their hands; . . . there shall be such a mopping and mowing at the last day." This somewhat archaic use has evidently come to stay. To it, rather than to any solecism, is probably due the same writer's sentence, "We shall see, or our sons shall see"—which is certainly incorrect by ordinary rules. It probably made Mrs. Meynell write, "To prophesy that the Odes of Coventry Patmore shall be confessed . . ." Possibly it misled the anonymous newspaper essayist who wrote, "If I blow out my brains at Monte Carlo, shall the world be one whit the poorer?" but I agree with your other correspondents that this is without justification.

My last example was meant to illustrate the deduction drawn from previous ones, namely, that modern speech tends to exaggerated use of *shall* and *should*. The phrase so often used in the Tichborne Trial, if memory does not deceive me, was "Would you be surprised to learn?" It is now often quoted as I gave it, "Should you be surprised to learn?" To me the latter seems less correct, because just as "I shall" is followed by "You will" in the same sense, so is "I should" naturally followed by "You would." But, apart from any question of correctness, this tendency to increased use of *should* seems undesirable on the score of ambiguity.

There is, of course, a quite separate use of this word—shall we call it a different verb?—in which it connotes obligation; when we say "You should have done that," we mean "You ought to have done" it. Distinction between these two significations is not always easy. A recent reviewer, meaning to say that Carlyle would have approved certain doctrines, wrote "He should have liked this book." Obviously this may mean either that Carlyle *would* have liked, or that he *ought* to have liked, the book. In this instance confusion may be improbable, but in others it may evidently be difficult to know which sense is intended. For this reason, if for no other, it seems undesirable to use *should* when *would* can be substituted. There is a growing tendency to do so. Tennyson, in "Locksley Hall," spoke of:—

"The vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be."

The author of some recent "Critical Studies" writes: "It may be urged in extenuation that their business . . . should not go on without it." The difference is apparent. My conclusion is that modern English favours an excessive use of *shall* and *should*, which is in every way undesirable, and needs to be checked.

SCRUTATOR.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—I am reminded of the last despairing cry of the Irishman:—

"I *will* drown, and nobody *shall* save me."

"ANGLO-SAXON."

"THE MAGIC OF WORDS."

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—The lady whose letter concerning "The Magic of Words" appears in your issue dated October 16 assigns to Shakespeare an honour to which he is not entitled when she credits him with the invention of that magical word "Rats." She seems to suppose that when Polonius cried "What ho!" (a magical expression she has overlooked, by the way!) "Help, help, help!" Hamlet sneered "Rats!" and stabbed the "wretched, rash, intruding fool"; but he didn't. Shakespeare, even "in the heat of a fiery inspiration," never achieved such "a complete tragedy in four little letters" as "Rats!"

It would be base ingratitude, however, to close such a letter as this without thanking your correspondent very sincerely for the exceedingly beautiful and tender "Old English Lullaby of the Virgin."

THOMAS HERBERT LEE.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—Your correspondent, Regina Miriam Bloch, might like to add to her list of "verbal beauties" a phrase of Ruskin's in which he speaks of Nature weaving "the dark, eternal tapestries of the hills."

H. P. H.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

DEAR SIR,—Your correspondent, Regina Miriam Bloch, delights me with her ropes of jewel words, through them unconsciously picturing herself—a strange set figure, its bronze studded with precious stones; expression of the soul lurking behind a mask-like face. Let me set two more gems in the border of her pleated robe; not glamorous adjectives or glittering nouns, but the intenser splendour of the verb.

"To crush"—what sound of solid bodies yielding juice, life blood, be it of jasmine flowers or men in mail, or the bruised soul's wine of bitter tears!

"Quench"—and the glowing spirit dies with a swift prayer.

Walter Pater, who has enamelled all his work with little flowers, found garden space for an exotic of a marvellous ugliness—"chryselephantine." Was it some strange perverseness that created a word so clumsy to express the delicate craft of gold worked in with ivory and precious woods?

I turn from this to "Gaston de Latour" (page 15) for a museum piece of exquisite word craft, a crystal carving of unique beauty: ". . . above all, how in one room long ago Gabrielle de Latour had died of joy."

It is so rich all ways: in tone music, in the twilight values of the "long ago," in the endless conjecturings that fly as a shuttle this way and that, weaving unending histories of that joyous Gabrielle whose dying, so expressed, has tapestried for some of us the walls of time. Was she a warrior, pent in woman's frame, the great soul of her going out with splendid shouting even as Death's spear bore her down? Or was it the thin white flame of ecstasy, whose leaping burned her body to an ash? Who knows? Yet weavers will never cease their patterning of that Gabrielle de Latour who "long ago—had died of joy."

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Beldames whose slightest glance would fright a horse;
Ghouls—when they speak one hears the grave-mole squeak—
Their escorts parems of feature coarse.
A rich array of Luxury and Vice!

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